

Curiosity Turned the Stiles

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Curiosity Turned the Stiles

by [halcyon1993](#)

Summary

After Stiles overhears talk of alpha werewolves transforming humans into omegas with their semen, he sneaks into a werewolf bar to investigate and meets a man named Derek Hale. Derek has plans for Stiles, and none of them are good.

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Chapter 1

Stiles shouldn't be here.

His friends would tell him just that if they knew. His dad would too, and yet Stiles stands across the street from a werewolf bar on the bad side of town, partially hidden in the shadows. He's been here for some time now, as werewolves come and go and he musters up the courage to go inside himself. It's foolish, but Stiles can't tamp down his curiosity. His dad has always said that his curiosity would get him into major trouble one day, and apparently, that day is today.

Werewolves are dangerous. Usually, humans stay clear of them and the werewolves don't kick up a fuss.

But there are stories.

Today, Stiles overheard a classmate at school telling one such story to their friend. Apparently, a single drop of an alpha werewolf's semen is capable of turning a regular human into an omega—whatever that means. His classmate either hadn't known what an omega was or hadn't said, but from their tone, they must have thought of something unsavoury and scary. Well, Stiles is here to find out, idiot that he is. It's purely for research purposes, he swears, just to scratch the itch that can only be scratched by *knowing*. By getting answers once and for all.

Of course, he'll need to actually move first.

Someone exits the bar through the swinging door that serves as its front entrance—a man around six feet tall with dirty-blond hair and a predilection for leather. It seems that all werewolves like to wear leather to some degree. The ones who frequent this establishment do, anyway. Stiles has seen maybe two dozen people in the time he's been keeping vigil, mostly men, and every one of them wore at least a leather jacket. It's usually black, but not always.

There were a few who wore leather trousers too. One memorable bear of a man had on leather trousers, a leather harness and nothing else, his chest, beer gut and back so hairy that, from Stiles' distance, it seemed like he was wearing a sweater made of coarse wool. Stiles thought it was gross, but the smaller man who'd hung from the bear's arm hadn't shared his opinion. He'd goggled at the bear's face with arousal and something that could only be called adoration. After they vanished on the bear's motorbike, Stiles had thought, *to each their own*. He wasn't going to judge.

Now, Stiles dashes across the road and up to the entrance of the bar before he can talk himself out of it. He pushes the door open and steps inside.

His nose is assaulted by various scents—smoke from cigars and cigarettes, booze, the musk of male sweat. Even a hint of sex. This is clearly not a reputable establishment, but because of its shady location, Stiles hadn't expected it to be.

Before any of the werewolves in the place can question his presence, Stiles scurries between tables, right up to the bar. He needs a drink in his hand if he wants to avoid looking too conspicuous, so he hopes that a place like this won't ID him. It's probably a lost cause because he sticks out like a sore thumb here anyway, all young and innocent, but it's worth a shot.

Stiles takes an empty stool at the bar, and the bartender comes over in a leather vest. "What can I get you?" He tucks a brown curl behind his ear and considers Stiles with open suspicion. His blue eyes flash an unnatural red colour. Unnatural for Stiles, anyway. He isn't used to seeing a werewolf's true eyes in his day-to-day life, but from stories, he knows that the bartender must be an alpha. Only they have eyes such a startling shade of red.

"Whatever's on tap," Stiles replies, faking confidence.

The bartender's irises go back to blue, and he leaves to get Stiles' drink. When he returns and slams the surprisingly clean glass in front of Stiles, some of the frothy amber liquid sloshes over the rim.

"Enjoy," the alpha says condescendingly. He must have correctly guessed that Stiles is way out of his element.

"Thanks."

With a derisive scoff, the bartender turns away to serve another patron. Left with his thoughts, Stiles picks up his beer, spins around on his stool and surveys the large open room for anything of interest. It's difficult to see because the place is so dimly lit.

It's a sea of leather, smoke, tanned skin and body hair. Some alphas are clustered around tables, shooting the shit with each other, whilst others are engrossed in games of poker, intense concentration on their faces. Stiles appraises them for a while, long enough to deduce that they're not playing for money. What they *are* playing for eludes him, and before he can sneak closer to eavesdrop, someone appears at his side so suddenly that it's like they came out of thin air.

"What's a cute thing like you doing in a place like this?" the stealthy man drawls, sitting down on the stool next to Stiles.

Stiles leans away from him, wary. The man seems to be at least forty. His hair is short and brown, he has stubble along his jaw, his chest is muscular, and something about him absolutely reeks of danger. The hairs all over Stiles' body stand on end. "Uhh..."

"My name's Peter." The man walks his index and middle fingers up Stiles' arm. He never once breaks eye contact, making Stiles feel like prey. Peter definitely wants to eat him.

"T-that's nice," Stiles says lamely. He's too busy pinning down an escape route.

The bar is packed, and maybe it's prejudice or intuition or another thing entirely, but something tells Stiles that he shouldn't expect anyone to intervene if Peter tries to take him somewhere more private. He really, *really* doesn't want that, but how would he get out of it?

Werewolves are notoriously strong, but even if they weren't, Peter is still built from solid muscle. Stiles wouldn't stand a chance.

Just when he has the awful thought that he's fucked whether he likes it or not—in both senses of the word—another man ambles up to them and taps Peter on the shoulder.

Peter scowls at him. "What, nephew? Can't you see I'm busy here?"

Nephew? Stiles' dread increases. Just what he needs. More crazy men around him.

"Seems to me like he isn't interested in going with you," the new man tells his uncle disapprovingly.

"Oh please!" Peter laughs like it's the funniest thing he's heard all year. "Everyone wants me."

The new man glances at Stiles, and Stiles is blown away by how handsome he is. Peter is handsome too, but in a creepy way. This new man is *beautiful*, with his neatly trimmed beard, hazel eyes and blade-like nose. He has an air of mystery about him, but it doesn't set off warning bells in Stiles' head.

"Do you want to have sex with my uncle?" the man questions, arching an eyebrow.

Stiles feels queazy at the mere idea. "No!"

"See, Peter? I told you. Now leave. You're upsetting him."

"What a shame." Peter pouts at Stiles. "I would've had your eyes rolling back in your head before you knew what hit you."

"*Leave*, Peter." The dark-haired man's eyes flash red. Another alpha.

Grumbling, Peter rises from his stool, casts one last longing look Stiles' way, and makes his retreat. This leaves Stiles alone with the dark-haired man. He has more time to stare, so he does so with as much subtlety as he can. Stiles guesses that the man is around the same height as him and maybe in his mid-twenties. He wears a red henley with a V-neck that teases a hairy chest, a pair of dark-blue jeans and a pair of clean, black boots. Completing the outfit is a black leather jacket.

Like Miranda Priestly says: groundbreaking.

"I'm sorry about him," the man says, taking the stool his uncle just vacated.

"It's okay." It isn't, but Stiles feels the need to assuage any guilt the werewolf feels.

"I'm Derek. I haven't seen you around here before. It's dangerous for a human to come into a werewolf bar all by himself, you know. My uncle is just one example of why."

"I'm learning that. I'm okay, though. I'm safe with you, right?" Stiles doesn't know why he said that, but whatever told him he was screwed if Peter tried anything tells him now that

Derek won't hurt him.

"Sure, kid. Stick with me. I'll protect you from the bad men." Derek winks.

Stiles is sure he's blushing. Damnit. "W-will do," he stammers. He puts his beer down, his arm aching from holding it for so long.

For a few minutes, he chats with Derek and gradually relaxes. No one else approaches them, and anyone who gets too close is warned away with a scowl from Derek. It's obvious that the other patrons of the bar are either fearful of Derek or they hold him in high esteem. Stiles chooses to believe it's the latter.

The bartender comes back over, and Derek gestures for him to lean in so he can speak into his ear.

"On it," the bartender says afterward. He slinks to the other end of the bar.

"Sorry about that," Derek says to Stiles. "I was just warning him about my uncle. Wouldn't want a bar fight to break out if he got his panties in a bunch over your rejection."

"Has that happened before?"

"Once or twice. He's got a big ego."

"I noticed. He's everyone's type, remember?" Stiles jokes.

"Yeah, I remember. Cocky bastard. Sometimes I hate that I'm related to him."

"I won't hold it against you."

Derek chuckles. "Thanks."

"No problemo."

Their eyes lock, and Stiles swears Derek is considering kissing him. But then the moment passes and Derek looks away, breaking the tension that only Stiles must have felt. He was simply imagining it, hoping for something that wasn't there. He hasn't ever been kissed before, so how cool would it have been if his first kiss was with a man as sexy as Derek? But he doubts anyone would've believed him if he told them, so it doesn't really matter in the end.

"D'you wanna play some pool?" Derek offers. "There's a table free."

"There're pool tables here?" Stiles sits up straighter and, yup, on the left side of the bar there's a space devoid of regular tables. Instead, two pool tables are in their place. Stiles hadn't registered them before because he was fixated on the people.

"Yup. So how 'bout it?"

"I don't know how to play," Stiles confides self-consciously.

“That’s okay.” Derek grins, his front teeth reminding Stiles of a rabbit. “I can teach you.”

Stiles’ self-consciousness flees, replaced by excitement. “Really?” TV and movie scenes flash before his eyes, in which one person teaches a skill to another and things get all steamy and intimate.

“Really.”

“Then sure, I’d love to!”

Derek gets up and holds out a hand, and Stiles reconsiders his earlier assessment—maybe Derek *does* feel some attraction to him.

Huh.

Stiles puts his hand in Derek’s and, their fingers interlocking, feels like even more of a naive schoolboy because this all feels so damn *right*. Stupid thoughts, but he seems incapable of getting rid of them. They’re persistent and will only end in disaster for Stiles, maybe outright humiliation if he oversteps his bounds without noticing and Derek rebuffs him in front of everybody. He’ll just have to make extra sure that he doesn’t do anything like that. He’ll let Derek make the first move if anything is to happen between them. He prays it does. He’d spread his legs here and now if Derek requested it, and he’s never considered himself an exhibitionist.

“Don’t forget your beer,” Derek reminds him before they leave the bar area.

“Oh, right!”

Stiles grabs the glass with his free hand and brings it with him to the pool table. A few other werewolves saunter up to the table at the same time, but when they see Derek, they back off without any hint of hostility.

Yeah, they definitely respect Derek, which makes Stiles feel better about being with him.

Stiles vaguely knows a few of the rules of pool, but for the most part he wasn’t lying when he said he was clueless. Derek is patient in guiding him through their first game, and Stiles enjoys himself even when he gets destroyed.

As Derek sets up for the second match, Stiles takes a sip of his beer and at first hates the taste of it. He has snuck into his dad’s liquor cabinet a time or two when he was younger and hasn’t really acquired a taste for alcohol yet, but he keeps drinking because he wants to impress Derek.

The next game goes much the same. Stiles loses, but he pockets a few of the balls himself this time.

Derek sets the base of his cue on the floor and rests his palms on the other end of it. “You want to go again?”

“Yeah, I’ve got one more round in me.” Stiles will keep going as long as Derek wants to or the bar closes. Whichever comes sooner. His dad, the sheriff of Beacon Hills, is working tonight and won’t know if Stiles doesn’t get home until the early hours of the morning, so he shouldn’t get in trouble for it.

“I’ll leave you to set up while I get a drink, then,” Derek says, placing his cue on the edge of the pool table. “D’you want a refill?”

Stiles is amazed to find that his glass is empty. He really drank that much? He supposes it explains his giddiness. “Sure. Why not?”

Derek takes the glass and heads back over to the bar. Stiles ogles Derek’s tight ass until he vanishes into the throng, then gets to work, doing the same thing he’d seen Derek do before their first two games. When he’s got it right, he removes the triangle, sets it aside and waits with his cue in hand.

Derek returns with two beers. He gives the frothier one to Stiles and clinks their glasses together. “Cheers.”

“Cheers,” Stiles echoes, drinking deep. It tastes different from the first beer, but it’s not any worse. In fact, as he smacks his lips, he ascertains that he actually likes it more. Perhaps he’s finally developing a taste for alcohol.

He sets down his glass and finds Derek scrutinising him. There’s something in his mien now that makes Stiles cautious of him for the first time.

What’s that about?

“Let’s see if you can beat me this time,” Derek challenges, picking his cue back up.

Shaking his head to forget about the strangeness, Stiles engages himself in the game and sips his beer between each shot he takes. He gets progressively more tipsy, but he doesn’t let himself go too far. His dad has hammered it into his head often enough since he got his license that he should never drive while under the influence, and Stiles doesn’t want to endanger lives by doing so. But even with that in mind, he can’t help himself. There’s something about the beer that’s addictive, and whenever he has the idea to slow down and not drink any more, he still reaches for the glass.

Once the final game has concluded—with Stiles losing again—he steps away from the pool table and almost falls over. He only doesn’t because Derek grabs his arm.

The werewolf crowds in close. “You okay?”

Stiles nods slowly. “Y-yeah... Just got lightheaded all of a sudden. Maybe I’ve had a bit too much.”

“Maybe. Let’s go sit down.”

Stiles follows docilely behind Derek, over to the only empty table in the place: a corner booth with red vinyl seating. Stiles gets the impression that it’s reserved specifically for his

companion. Plopping himself down on the padded bench, he takes a deep breath and looks around blearily, his state getting worse by the second. He doesn't know what's happening. Surely two beers aren't enough to make him feel like his. It's like his world is spinning and his stomach roils like he's going to vomit.

"Come here," Derek coaxes, sitting right next to him.

Stiles leans into Derek's side and is comforted when Derek slips an arm around his shoulders. It's like Derek's touch makes it all better.

"Just relax," the werewolf says softly, his mouth near Stiles' ear. "Just give in to it."

Give in to what? Fuck, Stiles can barely think straight.

He stays where he is and blinks to clear his vision.

There are four men sitting around the table closest to him and Derek, each burly and menacing-looking. One of them spreads his legs wide and groans, "Fuck, that's good," while moving a hand beneath the table.

Initially, Stiles is disgusted because he suspects the man of jerking off right here in the bar. Sure, the bar is seedy, but it's still a public space. Then he finally spies something he hadn't before: there's someone beneath the table, small and male. It's hard to see clearly because he's mostly hidden by the darkness down there, but the small man has his head between the larger man's thick thighs.

"There's a good bitch. You want my come?" the man rasps down at the guy blowing him. The other men sitting at the table cackle.

Stiles whips his head around to the other tables and is nauseated all over again when his eyes alight on more young men. Every one of them is kneeling with their heads between the legs of one of the werewolves, their mouths no doubt on the werewolves' cocks. Some of them are actively blowing the leather-clad men, while others are still, simply kneeling there with the men's cocks on their tongues like it's a perfectly normal occurrence. Hell, maybe it is for them.

Derek picks up on Stiles' distress and uses the arm he has around his shoulders to squeeze their bodies even tighter together. "What's the matter?"

The proximity to Derek feels good, but Stiles is too panicked to enjoy it. He leaps up from the booth. "I have to go," he says, already running for the exit.

When he gets outside, cool air assaults him, a stark contrast to how sweltering it was in the bar. He spares a single moment to bask in it, then doesn't halt his progress again as his feet thunder over the ground. He runs down the street to where he parked his Jeep earlier in the evening and spares a thought for Derek, who he left so rudely behind after Derek was nothing but kind to him. He doesn't even consider going back to say he's sorry.

At his Jeep, Stiles unlocks it, wrenches open the driver's door and gets behind the wheel. He peels out of there with a screech, all morals about driving while inebriated having been eradicated by the scene in the bar.

As he drives, Stiles regulates his breathing into something that sounds less like a panting dog. The farther he gets from the bar, the weaker the hold his panic has on him, until he pulls into the empty driveway of his house, shuts off the engine of his Jeep, and sits there in total silence. He still feels overheated, and his brain is definitely foggy, so it was a miracle that he didn't get into an accident on his way home. He swears to himself then and there that he won't get himself into another situation like he did tonight. He'll leave well enough alone.

Stiles sends a silent apology to Derek and clambers out of his Jeep. He leans against the side of it and lets the cool night air soothe him.

When he's ready, Stiles enters his house and goes straight upstairs. It's late, so he forgoes a shower until the morning and falls right into bed. He only just gathers enough will to remove his chinos and socks before pulling the sheets over himself.

He dreams of Derek.

* * *

Derek Hale stays in his specially reserved booth, radiating smugness. His plan went off without a hitch.

This bar has a system that was set up a long time ago, overseen by Derek himself. It gives each of the alpha werewolves in it a chance to secure themselves a little omega bitch to screw whenever they want. Every male patron who's a werewolf gives a sample of their semen, which is then stored in a mini-fridge beneath the bar. Then, whenever a human wanders in—either because they're too inquisitive for their own good or a foolish thrill-seeker—one of the werewolves will stake their claim and give Jamie, the bartender, the signal to spike their chosen human's drink with their semen sample. It's against human law, but none of the werewolves here care at all.

This time, it was finally Derek's turn.

Until tonight, he's passed up every human who came in because none of them called to him. But he had to have Stiles.

His uncle was right—Stiles *is* pretty.

Speaking of Peter... "Good score, nephew," the older werewolf congratulates as he sits down next to Derek. "You're welcome, by the way."

"For what?"

"For making you look so good!" Peter gives himself a pat on the back for his own deviousness. "Because of me, you got to sweep in like a knight in shining armour, gaining your omega's trust."

“He’s not my omega yet.”

“No, but he will be. I saw how quickly he drank his spiked beer. It was like he couldn’t get enough.”

“Of course he couldn’t.” Derek rolls his eyes. “No human can once they get their first taste.”

“That’s true.” Peter sighs dreamily. “I remember when I got my first omega. Those were good times. He wouldn’t let me leave the house for over a week, he was always so desperate for me.”

Derek wrinkles his nose, not fond of hearing about his uncle’s exploits.

Peter stays lost in his memories for nearly a whole minute before coming back to the present. “You’re not going after him, then?”

“Why would I?”

Peter looks at Derek like he’s being a moron. “To claim him? Obviously.”

“I could, but there’s no point. He’ll come to me. I want him begging by the time he does.”

“Nice one, dear nephew.” Peter ruffles Derek’s hair and doesn’t flinch at the glare he gets. “Enjoy getting your dick wet 24/7.”

Thankfully, Peter flounces off again after that, granting Derek his peace. He leans against the back of the booth and cups himself through his jeans. His cock swells like it knows what’s going to happen in just a day or so.

He can’t wait to have Stiles in his bed, at his feet...

His willing sex slave for the rest of his life.

Chapter 2

The next morning, Stiles wakes up feeling strange. He's sweating and his head is still as foggy as it was before he fell asleep. He's unsettled by these symptoms but puts them down to him being hungover from the beers he drank last night. Speaking of last night, as soon as Stiles replays some of the events in his mind—Derek, in particular—his symptoms get worse, and he's struck by such a sense of longing that he doesn't know what to do with himself.

He lies there, trying in vain to figure out what's going on with his body. His thoughts come slowly, and by the time his alarm goes off, the only explanation that sounds even remotely plausible to him is that he's not hungover but is actually coming down with the flu or some other terrible sickness.

Just fucking great.

Slamming the top of his alarm clock to get it to stop its ungodly ringing, Stiles rolls clumsily out of bed and trudges into the bathroom. He glimpses his reflection in the mirror above the sink and doesn't like what he sees. Despite how much he's sweating, his skin is paler than usual, with a sickly pallor, and his eyes are glazed over. He's definitely not going to school today.

After he's relieved his bladder, Stiles exits the bathroom and descends the stairs. He has to go slowly and maintain a tight grip on the banister to prevent his wobbly legs from giving out underneath him. It wouldn't be good to fall down the stairs and brain himself or break his neck. At the bottom, he traverses the hallway that separates the foyer from the kitchen and finds his dad with his back to him in front of the stove.

"Hey, Dad," Stiles greets, leaning against the doorjamb. The two words come out as hoarse croaks.

His dad turns around, beaming, but his face twists with dismay as soon as he sees his son. He leaves the stove to hurry over to him. "Kiddo, are you feeling okay?"

"Not really."

"What's wrong?" The sheriff puts the back of his hand to his son's forehead to check his temperature. "You're burning up."

"Could you cook an egg on it?"

His dad ignores him. "I'm going to call the school and tell them you won't be in today, okay?" he says, marching Stiles back toward the stairs. He assists him in climbing them again, and once they're in Stiles' bedroom, he helps him into bed. "You really don't look good, kiddo. Guess I'll be playing doctor today, huh?"

Stiles snorts. "Thanks, Dad, but that would be illegal."

The sheriff shakes his head long-sufferingly and checks Stiles' forehead again. "At least your awful sense of humour's still intact."

"I'm a riot."

"That you are. Stay here. I'm gonna call the school and then Melissa, see if she can come check you over."

Stiles is already so tired from his brief trip down- and then upstairs again that he's close to falling asleep. "If you say so, Daddio."

As Stiles' dad unlocks his phone to make the aforementioned calls, he's out like a light.

* * *

Stiles drifts in and out of consciousness. He's vaguely aware of Melissa McCall paying him a visit, but that's all. By the time he can keep his eyes open for more than a few seconds, two days have flown by. A package of flu medicine sits next to his alarm clock, and it must have done its job because he feels a lot better. Not a hundred percent yet, but getting there.

Risking it, Stiles pushes himself up and, when his world doesn't spin, swings his legs over the side of his bed. He sits there, getting in touch with every part of his body to get a more conclusive idea of how he's feeling. He still doesn't feel that bad, so he stands up and enters the bathroom. His skin is nearer its usual colour in the mirror, and he isn't sweating anymore. Figuring that he's past the worst of it, Stiles shrugs off his clothes and turns on the shower, needing to get clean. He stinks after two whole days of being bedridden, and the cool water is heavenly cascading down his skin.

There comes a knock on the door. "Stiles?" his dad calls through it.

Stiles turns the shower off temporarily so he can hear more clearly. "Yeah?"

"You feeling okay?"

"Better than I was. I think I'm almost over it."

When his dad speaks again, his relief is palpable. "Thank god... Come downstairs when you're done, and we'll see if you can stomach some food."

"Okay, Dad!"

Once he hears footsteps on the stairs, Stiles resumes his ablutions and washes all over twice to make sure he's as clean as can be. He grabs a towel, dries himself off, and gets dressed in some fresh clothes. He opts for something cozy, an old T-shirt and sweatpants.

Downstairs, Stiles joins his dad in the kitchen and is able to make it past the doorway this time. There's a plate of toast and a glass of water waiting for him on the island.

"See if you can keep that down," his dad instructs. "You need to get your strength back."

“Thanks.”

His dad heads for the living room and squeezes his shoulder on the way. “Come sit with me when you’ve eaten. We can have a lazy day killing our braincells with crappy TV shows.”

That sounds perfect to Stiles. Because of his dad’s hectic work schedule, it’s not often that they get to spend quality time together nowadays. Stiles misses it.

He hesitantly takes a few bites of his toast, and when his stomach doesn’t rebel, he goes through the rest of it a bit faster, eager to join his dad in the living room for some much-needed father/son bonding time. Plus, even though he’s better than he was, he’s still weaker than usual and would really like to cuddle up to his dad like he’s a little kid again. He’s not too old yet to admit that it makes him feel better every now and then.

Thinking of innocently cuddling with his dad leads Stiles’ mind down an unexpected road. He zones out as he pictures cuddling with Derek instead, maybe even kneeling at his feet and nuzzling his crotch. A noise of desire slips out of Stiles’ mouth. The sound jars him back to reality. What was that about? Yeah, Derek was hot, but what the hell?

“Stiles? You okay?” Shoot, his dad must have heard him. At least he interpreted the noise as one of pain instead of arousal. “I don’t need to get a bucket, do I?”

“No, it’s nothing!” Stiles denies. “I’m fine!”

“You sure?”

“Yes!”

Finishing his toast, Stiles deposits the plate in the kitchen sink and brings his glass of water with him into the living room. He takes a few sips, sets it on the coffee table and installs himself next to his dad, who already has a blanket ready for him to snuggle under. And snuggle Stiles does, resting his head on his dad’s shoulder as the TV plays some old cop drama that Stiles doesn’t know the name of. He doesn’t recognise any of the actors either.

“We’ll see how you feel tomorrow, and if you’re better, you can go back to school,” his dad says, running his fingers through Stiles’ hair.

“Sure thing, Pops.”

* * *

When he’s back in school, Stiles goes through the day as normal. He feels like himself, but at the same time, he doesn’t. Something’s different. For one thing, he’s haunted by endless thoughts of sucking cock and swallowing delicious come, and that’s not like him at all. Sure, he likes guys, but he’s never been obsessed with giving blowjobs before, let alone thinking of come as delicious. He tasted his own once, and while not horrendous, delicious it was not.

That’s not all, either. In all of his fantasies, it’s not just anyone’s cock he’s sucking.

It’s Derek’s.

By the end of the day, Stiles is thoroughly weirded out. His brain was totally stuck on it, and his teachers got irritated with him and called him out for daydreaming in several of his classes. He thanks his lucky stars that he didn't have Chemistry today, or else Mr. Harris would've gleefully given him detention the first chance he got. Now, it's like Stiles is being pulled in two directions. Part of him knows he should stay for lacrosse practice and wants to, but the other part insists that he go outside to the parking lot. Some instinct is telling him that it's *really* important he do that. So he does.

"Hey, where're you going?" Scott squawks when he does a 180 in the hall.

Stiles blanks him. He walks as if in a trance, the hair on his arms standing on end because he knows he's getting closer to the solution to all his problems.

"Stiles!"

Not even really hearing his best friend, Stiles keeps progressing until sunlight hits his face and he reaches the edge of the parking lot. He scans around, his heart racing a mile a minute, and that's when he sees him: Derek. He's here.

Stiles steps off the sidewalk and makes his way over. Derek is in the back corner of the lot, leaning against the side of a flashy black car in tight clothes and a leather jacket. Dark sunglasses obscure his eyes, but Stiles can tell that Derek is focused on him—and it's mutual. Stiles can't look away from Derek for anything, as he proves when he steps right in the path of an oncoming vehicle. He doesn't falter, just keeps going as the driver slams their brakes and angrily honks their horn.

When he reaches Derek, it's like everything is right with the world. "What's happening to me?" Stiles asks, staring dreamily at Derek's handsome face.

Derek grins, showing off his bunny teeth. It sends shivers down Stiles' spine. Good shivers. "You're mine now, bitch," Derek says.

"Bitch?"

"Yup. Now get in. I'm gonna make you mine officially, show you your place."

Blinking dumbly, Stiles allows himself to be guided to the passenger side of Derek's car. He gets in, buckles his seatbelt on autopilot and sits there quietly until Derek drives away.

Stiles' eyes are still glued to the werewolf's profile. "Where are we going?"

"To your new home, bitch."

Being called 'bitch' should offend Stiles, but all it does is make him shiver again with anticipation. "Oh."

He says nothing else, the itch that's been under his skin all day calmed now that he's in Derek's presence.

It takes about twenty minutes for them to reach their destination: a palatial house in the middle of the preserve. Derek parks the car in the clearing in front of it, gets out and helps Stiles out as well before leading him up the steps to the wrap-around porch.

“This place is *huge*,” Stiles remarks, waiting patiently as Derek unlocks the front door.

“Get used to it, because once you’re inside, I’m barely gonna let you leave again,” Derek tells him.

In the foyer now, Derek grabs for Stiles’ clothes. “Let’s get a good look at you, bitch. See if you’re as pretty as I think you’ll be,” he says, tearing the front of Stiles’ T-shirt right down the middle without ceremony. The tatters slip down his arms to the floor, then Derek does the same with Stiles’ chinos and underwear. “Step out of your shoes.”

Stiles obeys, and he’s completely naked in front of Derek. His cock is half-hard and his hole aches.

Derek squeezes the growing bulge in his jeans as he makes a circuit around Stiles. “Just as I thought. You’ll be an excellent bitch.”

Stiles blushes. “Thank you.”

Face-to-face again, Derek is suddenly stern, and his irises glow red. “Thank you, *what*?”

Stiles doesn’t get it, and then he does: “Thank you...*Alpha*.”

“Better. You’ll always call me that from now on. Understood?”

“Yes, Alpha.”

“Come on. We’re going upstairs so I can get familiar with you and you can get what I’m sure you’ve been dying for all day.”

Derek grabs Stiles’ wrist and hauls him over to the staircase in the middle of the foyer. They ascend it, march down the hall to the left and pass through the doorway at the end. This must be the master suite, Stiles presumes, taking in how spacious the room is. The main feature is the king-size canopy bed pushed up against the right wall. The silk sheets are as red as Derek’s irises. Stiles wants to know what they feel like sliding over his bare skin.

Derek releases Stiles’ wrist once the door is firmly shut behind them. He makes fast work of getting out of his own clothes, and Stiles is left awestruck

The werewolf’s body is masculine perfection. His pecs are big and covered in a field of dark hair that tapers into a thin trail down the centre of his abs. The trail goes past his navel and meets his untamed pubes, which surround a cock that’s beer-can thick and at least nine inches long. Stiles salivates when Derek moves toward him and he gets a glimpse of the full, heavy balls that swing back and forth between his hairy thighs with every step.

Derek strokes himself slowly. “Like what you see, bitch?”

“Yeah... Fuck, you’re so *sexy*, Alpha.”

“You wanna taste me?”

The question nearly makes Stiles orgasm then and there.

“I can smell you. You’re getting wet for me.”

Stiles doesn’t understand what his alpha means until Derek wedges a hand between his ass cheeks. Bending over to provide his alpha with easier access, Stiles clues in to what’s happening when an odd wetness leaks from his hole. It’s nothing unpleasant. It’s viscous, and from the growling behind him, it must turn Derek on just as much as Derek’s cock turned Stiles on. The fluid keeps coming from his hole, dripping down the backs of his thighs.

“Can’t wait to plug you up with my knot,” Derek purrs. He uses the weird fluid to slick up a finger and without warning slides it up to the last knuckle in Stiles’ ass.

Stiles yelps, not from pain but from pleasure. His body opens right up for its new owner.

“But before that, let’s get you fed, hmm?” Derek says, slipping out his finger. He perches on the end of the bed and gestures for Stiles to get on his knees between his legs.

This is just like the fantasy Stiles had the previous day, and he can’t believe that it’s about to come true. All he’s thinking about is getting his mouth on Derek’s cock, tasting him, drinking him down. All his other thoughts and worries have deserted him, possibly for good. He doesn’t think of his dad. He doesn’t think of Scott. He doesn’t think of school or the commitments he has. His whole world has narrowed down to what’s inside this bedroom, and that’s the way he wants it to stay.

Derek peels back his foreskin and aims the exposed head of his cock at Stiles’ mouth. “Open wide, bitch.”

Parting his lips, Stiles leans forward and seals his mouth around his alpha’s thick shaft. The bitter taste of pre-come bursts across his tongue, and without conscious thought, just following what his body needs, Stiles shuts his eyes and bobs his head up and down, taking another inch of Derek’s cock every few seconds until the head bumps against the back of his throat. He gags but perseveres, his throat opening up to welcome Derek’s cock like it belongs there. It must do. He’d happily stay right there with his mouth on Derek’s cock for the rest of his life, consuming nothing but his seed. It’s his place, like Derek said it was. He’s grateful to his alpha for showing him, for fulfilling him so completely like this.

As if he knows what’s going through Stiles’ head, Derek yanks him the rest of the way onto his cock. Stiles ends up unbalanced with his nose in Derek’s pubes, getting a whiff of the raw musk embedded in them. The scent has more slick leaking from his ass.

“I’m gonna fuck your face now, bitch,” Derek warns, looking at him heatedly. “Fuck my come down your throat.”

All Stiles can do is moan as Derek carries out his promise. He can barely breathe, but he doesn't even raise a finger to stop him. This is right.

"Fuck, you were worth the wait!" Derek's hirsute skin glistens with a fine sheen of sweat. "I'm getting close!"

Stiles opens his eyes and feasts them on Derek as he comes undone. The werewolf howls at the ceiling, drags Stiles' mouth onto his cock one last time, then orgasms. His cock jerks wildly on Stiles' tongue as he pumps down his throat. Stiles is crestfallen because he didn't get to really taste his alpha's release, but this is what Derek wanted and it's not up to him to counsel otherwise. He'll have to make do with swallowing furiously because the end is the same, his belly swelling warm and full either way. This just cuts out the middle man—and hey, there's always next time, right?

"You've got a wicked mouth," Derek compliments, keeping his cock down Stiles' throat.

Stiles stares reverently up at his alpha, his eyes doe-like and adoring because the werewolf is gorgeous like this, his rugged features flushed and his hair stuck to his forehead.

"Now I'm gonna fuck your ass." Derek shoves Stiles backward, his cock slipping out of Stiles' mouth. It remains hard and shiny with spit. He stands, grabs his bitch under his arms and tosses him onto his back on the bed before crawling on top of him. "Want to know one of the best perks of being a werewolf, at least in my opinion? It'll probably become yours too."

Stiles pets Derek's chest, running his fingers through his chest hair.

"My refractory period is so short, it's practically non-existent. Know what that means?"

Stiles doesn't speak, just keeps touching his alpha.

"It means that whenever I'm not busy with pack business, I'm gonna be fucking you. I'm gonna pump so much come in you that your belly's gonna be swollen and round twenty-four-seven. And when you go into heat, well..."

The words get a reaction from Stiles. His body jolts atop the sheets and he mewls as he envisions what his alpha just described. His hole clenches around nothing, desperate for something to fill it.

For Derek's massive cock to fill it.

"Knew you'd be a needy little bitch for me," Derek murmurs. He nuzzles Stiles' cheek almost affectionately.

"Alpha..." Stiles wraps his legs around Derek's waist, and Derek chuckles darkly.

"You want me? Want my come dripping out of your bitch hole?"

"Alpha, please... Need you."

"Relax. I'll keep you full."

True to his word, Derek hikes Stiles' legs up higher and slides inside of him for the first time, stealing the teenager's virginity. Stiles wails as he's stretched to obscene levels, pain emanating from his unprepared opening as Derek just keeps going without a care for him, not stopping until he's buried to the hilt and Stiles can feel Derek's weighty balls resting against the tops of his ass cheeks. Derek doesn't stop for long, either. He grants his bitch a mere ten seconds or so to get used to being filled up so much, then he fucks him brutally.

Stiles holds on for the ride. The pain continues, and he takes it because his alpha wants him to.

It's his duty.

After a while, it gets a bit better, and better, and then bright sparks of pleasure shoot up Stiles' spine as Derek changes the angle of his thrusts and hits his prostate dead-on. Come spurts from his cock between their stomachs, which only encourages Derek to fuck him harder. The werewolf's growls are more animalistic than before, echoing around the bedroom, and sweat drips from his brow. It hits Stiles' face, but he doesn't care. In fact, he licks his lips when one salty drop lands on them.

Eventually, it gets tougher for Stiles to take all of Derek's cock. Sex-drunk as he is, he can't figure out the reason on his own. It's not until Derek whispers more filth about knotting him that he understands what's happening, and he pushes out with his ass to make it easier for his alpha to get the rapidly engorging flesh inside. He craves it, feels like he'll die were Derek to deny him this. He simply *must* experience what it's like, and he knows that being tied together with his alpha and welcoming his thick seed into his body is the only thing that will slake the need that's plagued him since he visited the werewolf bar three nights ago.

"Get ready, bitch. Here it comes!" Derek grunts, just before he shoves his massive knot past Stiles' rim with an obscene *pop*.

Both have their second orgasms at the same time. Stiles blacks out, and when he comes to, he's lying on his side with his alpha spooning him. They're still knotted, and his stomach is distended.

"How was that, bitch?" Derek's breath disturbs the short hairs on the back of Stiles' neck.

"Amazing, Alpha." Stiles exhales with bone-deep contentment. "When can we do it again?"

"When my knot's gone down. I meant what I said—I'm gonna fuck you all the time. You're too pretty not to."

"Thank you, Alpha. I can't wait."

"You're welcome, bitch. Now shut up and take a nap. You'll need the energy." Derek hums as though reconsidering something. "Although, I guess I don't have an issue with you being asleep next time."

Stiles' spent cock twitches against the inside of his thigh. Waking up to his alpha already fucking him? That's all the incentive he needs to allow sleep to take him.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, a couple weeks later, Derek hears someone pounding on his door. He groans, gets up and slips on a pair of sweatpants before exiting the bedroom, leaving his bitch to doze after their latest round of vigorous sex. Downstairs, he looks through the peephole on his door, and his brow furrows when he's met with the distorted face of the sheriff.

"This should be good," he mumbles. Bracing himself, he unlocks and opens the door.

"Derek Hale?" the sheriff questions right away, clearly upset.

"That's me. How can I help you?"

"My son has been missing for two weeks now, and the last person to see him saw him getting into *your* car." The sheriff narrows his eyes. "Care to explain that?"

Derek shrugs insouciantly. "Not really."

The sheriff's nostrils flare with anger as he wars with himself about what to do next. He follows his fatherly instincts instead of his professional ones, barging past Derek and shouting Stiles' name. Derek could stop him without exerting much effort at all, but he doesn't bother. This could be fun.

"He's upstairs," he says, taunting the sheriff. He knows what Stiles' dad doesn't yet, that his son is already lost to him forever.

When the sheriff races up the staircase, Derek pursues him at a more sedate pace. He reenters his bedroom to find the sheriff wrestling Stiles out of bed, but Stiles resists with everything he's got.

"Stiles, what's gotten into you?!" the sheriff demands. "No one's been able to find you for two weeks! You've had me worried sick!"

"I don't care!" Stiles screams back. He sees Derek over his dad's shoulder and begs him to step in and save him from being taken. "Alpha!"

"Alright, that's enough," Derek says. He manhandles the sheriff away from his son and positions himself between them. "It's time for you to leave. Stiles doesn't want to go with you."

Stiles' dad looks at Derek with pure hatred. His hand rests on the gun on his belt. "What've you done to him?"

"I think we both know the answer to that."

"I should kill you."

"You could." Derek nods along. "But then...where would that leave your son?"

"Fine. I'll arrest you instead."

“Again, you could, but how would you get whatever charges you pin on me to stick?”

The sheriff frowns. “What? You kidnapped my son!”

“Did I? Did anyone witness this...*kidnapping*? Did the person who saw Stiles getting into my car say it seemed like Stiles didn’t want to come with me?”

The frown gets more pronounced, and the sheriff’s body tenses up. “No,” he concedes. “But there’s still that bar he met you in. You slipped him your semen then, didn’t you?”

“I *gave* it to him then, yes, but can you prove that Stiles didn’t want it? That he didn’t beg me to turn him into my bitch?”

Derek has the sheriff beaten. He knows it. There’s nothing the older man can do.

“You know the bond between an omega and their alpha—if you kill me, Stiles will die too when he can’t get any more of my come,” Derek recaps. “If you arrest me, you still run the risk of Stiles dying while I’m in one of your little holding cells, unable to keep him fed. The charges also won’t stick because you have no witnesses and Stiles is eighteen. Everyone at the bar will back me up and tell everyone else what happened. They’ll say that Stiles came up to me, asked me if I was interested in him, and I said yes. Everyone will corroborate that version of events, because it’s the truth.”

It isn’t. From his demeanour, the sheriff knows it’s a lie too, but there’s nothing he can do to prove it. “Stiles?” Derek calls, holding out a hand.

Stiles slips from the bed to stand at Derek’s side without a stitch of clothing on. “Yes, Alpha?”

Maintaining eye contact with the sheriff, Derek gives his bitch a series of questions: “Did I give you my come without your explicit consent?”

“No, Alpha.”

“Did you want it?”

“Yes, Alpha. So badly.”

“Are you happy here, constantly full of my seed at both ends?”

Stiles moans quietly, causing the sheriff’s face to go green. “So happy, Alpha. I love it.”

“Do you love *me*?”

Stiles moves closer and rubs himself against Derek’s side. “Love you *so much*. My Alpha...”

His point made, Derek advances on Stiles’ dad. He puts a hand on the centre of his chest and pushes him out of the bedroom. “It’s time for you to leave. You’ll never disturb us again. You’ve been warned. I’m sure you know that werewolves don’t play by human rules or obey human laws, so if you come for me, or for the bar or anyone who frequents it...”

Leaving the threat unfinished, Derek shepherds the disconsolate sheriff back downstairs and out the front door.

“Nice of you to stop by,” he says sardonically. “I’m going to go feed your son a fresh load now. I’ll think of you when I come. See you again never.”

Slamming the door in Stiles’ dad’s face, Derek locks it and waits for the sound of the sheriff driving away. It doesn’t take long, but he’s under no illusion that this will be the end of it. Stiles’ dad obviously loves his son with his whole being, and he’ll make another bid to attain Stiles’ freedom. Derek will be ready for it, and he’ll do whatever it takes to ensure that Stiles stays *his*. He’s not giving up his bitch’s welcoming, wet hole or insatiable appetite for come for anything.

Chapter 3

Derek is in his usual booth, observing the other patrons like he's a king on his throne and the patrons are his loyal subjects. He turns his head slowly from right to left, taking in every detail, noting the presence of every person. All the alpha werewolves here tonight are having the time of their lives drinking, playing pool, laughing with friends or playing rounds of poker, while human omegas suckle on their alpha's cocks like the good bitches they are. It's exactly like any other Friday night at the bar, boisterous and noisy, and Derek wouldn't change a thing about it.

It's home.

As for him, he's left alone by everyone. He's never liked to be disturbed when he's here, and that's been especially true for the past month, ever since he finally got a bitch of his own.

Speaking of...

Something nudges the crotch of Derek's jeans. Stiles, the needy thing, is down there on his knees, the majority of his pale skin on display under the dim lighting of the bar. The only thing that prevents him from being completely naked is the pair of lace panties Derek insists he wears on the rare occasions he's allowed out of the house. The blood-red lace is stunning against his pale skin, especially now that Derek has him shaved completely smooth from the neck down.

Stiles peers imploringly at Derek, wanting another load even though Derek fucked his mouth before they left for the bar just an hour ago.

Derek smirks. "Always so desperate for it, aren't you, bitch?"

Stiles stops nuzzling Derek's crotch long enough to say a husky, "Yes, Alpha," then he's right back to it.

"You're lucky I like your mouth so much." Derek drapes his arms across the back of the booth and spreads his legs wider. "Take me out, bitch."

Stiles sets to it with an endearing level of giddiness. He conquers the fastenings of Derek's jeans, the sound of the zipper's teeth separating somehow loud in Derek's ears even with the ruckus going on around him. Once that's done, Stiles moves aside the flaps of fabric, revealing coarse pubes, and pulls out Derek's soft alpha cock and weighty balls. He handles them gently, treating them with the reverence they deserve. He licks his lips and noses at the hairy sack, sucking up the scents of masculine musk and sweat. It's just the right side of unclean.

"Smell good, bitch?" Derek sneers.

"*So good*, Alpha."

“Is it making you wet?”

“Uh-huh. My panties are already soaked for you, Alpha. Always...”

Derek’s cock fills with blood, until it sticks up big and proud at its full length of nine-and-a-half inches, his foreskin still partially covering the head. A bead of pre-come forms at the slit. Stiles licks up the underside of the shaft and collects the bead on his tongue before it can run down and get lost in Derek’s pubic hair. He slips his tongue beneath Derek’s foreskin, then lowers his head, taking him into his throat.

“There’s a good bitch,” Derek groans. “You’ll have to work for it if you want my seed.”

Stiles doesn’t seem to have any problem with this. He bobs his head at a fast pace, doing everything in his power to get Derek to fill his belly with come. It’s incredibly effective, and before Derek knows it, his orgasm is impending.

Unfortunately, before it can happen, someone dares to come near the booth. Reluctantly shoving Stiles off his cock, Derek shoots daggers at the interloper.

“Don’t look at me like that, nephew,” his uncle says, tutting.

“You’re interrupting, Peter.”

“I can see that.” Peter leers at Derek’s cock, still hard and shiny with Stiles’ spit, then at Stiles, who seems so damn disconsolate at having been separated from his alpha’s cock.

Derek doesn’t hide himself, having nothing to be ashamed of. “Tell me why you’re here before I rip your throat out.”

Peter snorts, flops down in the booth next to Derek and puts an arm around Derek’s shoulders, not at all affected by the threat. Still, he replies: “His dad’s parked across the street again,” he says, waving his other hand in Stiles’ direction.

“Oh.” Derek grits his teeth.

This has been a regular occurrence ever since the sheriff discovered that Derek had acquired Stiles as his bitch. It’s vexing, honestly. The sheriff is still unable to do anything about the loss of his son, at least legally speaking, but that doesn’t mean the human man won’t get reckless at some point. Derek can’t rule out the possibility of the sheriff casting aside his moral code and his human laws and attacking Derek directly, even if it means that his son is hurt in the process. He’s heard of similar cases in the past, in which the human party thought it was better for their loved one to die rather than live on as some nasty werewolf’s omega.

No, Derek can’t have that happen to him and his bitch. He loves using Stiles and won’t give him up.

But how to get rid of the sheriff? Derek has been racking his brain all month for a solution, but short of catching him unaware and snapping his neck, one doesn’t come to him. For once, it seems that Peter has actually decided to be useful, as Derek finds out when he opens his mouth again.

“I can take care of him for you, if you want,” Peter offers. He snickers to himself as Stiles eyes his alpha’s big cock and his lower lip wobbles.

Derek keeps his bitch away from the object of his desire by holding a foot to the centre of his chest. “And how would you do that?” He’s not generous enough to believe that Peter could come up with something when he himself couldn’t.

“I’ve been watching him watch you for a couple weeks,” Peter reveals. “And I have to admit that he’s an attractive man.”

“Get to the point.”

Of course, even when he’s being useful, Peter has to be infuriating. Without getting Derek’s blessing, he grabs Derek’s cock and strokes it, taunting Stiles with what he can’t have. Once Derek gets over his shock, he has half a mind to murder his uncle right there in the bar, but he holds back, even as his nails lengthen into claws. He grudgingly admits—if only to himself—that his uncle’s firm grip feels good, and he gets a perverse kind of pleasure out of Stiles’ pitiful whimpers and the way his eyes shine with tears. All of that is enough for Derek to allow his uncle to keep touching him.

“The point is,” Peter says, tightening his grip, “how about I take the sheriff for myself? That way, he gets off your back, and I have a brand-new bitch to play with.”

It could work. “And you’d be okay with that?”

“Yes. Like I said, he’s a good-looking man, and I’m intrigued to see what he’d look like tied to my bed.”

Derek stifles a keen when Peter pays special attention to his weeping slit, smearing his copious pre-come around the head. “Do it,” he says huskily.

“Excellent. I’ll make him mine as soon as possible.”

“How?”

“I’ll figure it out.”

Derek expects Peter to vanish back into the crowd then, but he doesn’t. Peter stays put next to him, touching him. Derek somehow doesn’t mind.

“You know, you’ve got a very nice cock, nephew,” Peter opines. “I think it’s actually bigger than your dad’s.”

Derek grimaces. “You know what my dad’s cock looked like?”

“Hey, before we got our first omegas, how d’you think we used to fulfil our sexual urges?”

“Really? With your own alpha brother?”

“Hey, I’m your uncle and you’re letting me touch you, aren’t you?” Peter’s lips curl into a smarmy smile. “Naughty boy.”

This is what finally has Derek ending things. He bats away Peter’s hand and tucks himself back into his jeans. It’s a struggle because he’s still erect, but he’s able to do the zipper back up without damaging anything valuable. When Stiles sees his alpha’s cock disappear, he really does start crying, tears silently running down his cheeks.

“Quiet, bitch. I’ll give you a hard fucking when we get home to make up for it, okay?” Derek says, ruffling Stiles’ hair.

Peter sulks as Derek stands up. “You’re leaving already?”

“Yes. I’m getting away from you.”

Peter harrumphs. “Fine. But if you want to mess around more another time, I won’t say no.” He waggles his eyebrows. “Trust me when I say that there’s nothing quite like the thrill of fucking another alpha. The taboo makes it absolutely delicious.”

“Not on your life.”

“Oh, I don’t know... I think you’ll come around,” Peter says devilishly. “When I’ve got my new bitch, we could all play together.”

Derek disregards him, forces Stiles up and marches him away from the booth. After they get outside, he escorts his bitch to his Camaro and remains steadfast in his conviction that he and Peter are never engaging in that sort of thing ever again. He swears it. Even if part of him *is* interested in what it would be like, both to be fucked by his uncle and to fuck him in return... Especially the latter—to slide his massive cock inside Uncle Peter’s tight little hole and finally wipe the superciliousness off his stupid face.

No! That’s not going to happen, he tells the small voice in the back of his head.

Not ever.

* * *

Peter has plenty of time on his hands, seeing as he doesn’t have a job. He has no need of one, not with all the zeros in his bank account. He lives a life of leisure, and that life is going to get even better and more hedonistic when he finally accomplishes his task of turning Sheriff Stilinski into his personal bitch. With his nephew having agreed to his plan, Peter has spent nearly every waking hour tailing the sheriff everywhere he goes and spying through the windows of his house. Every night, the sheriff sits despondently in his armchair in the living room, a bottle of whiskey on the coffee table and a glass tumbler in his hand.

It’s sad, really, almost enough to make Peter feel sorry for him.

But not quite.

The sheriff won't have a reason to be sad for much longer anyway, not when he's Peter's bitch and all he can think about is his alpha's needs.

Now, Peter sneaks through John Stilinski's backyard and up to the back door of the house. The sheriff is at the station right now, so no one's home to hear as he uses Stiles' old set of keys to unlock the door. He got them courtesy of his nephew—Stiles has no use for them anymore, and in due course, John Stilinski will have no use for his own keys either.

Peter shuts the door behind himself and goes straight for the liquor cabinet in the living room. He searches the shelves for John's preferred brand of whiskey and finds a mostly full bottle near the bottom. He takes it out, carries it upstairs to John's bedroom and sets it down on the nightstand while he divests himself of his clothes.

Naked now, Peter lies on John's bed and touches himself. He pinches and twists his nipples for a while, making his toes curl, then goes further south, sliding his palm down his toned abs until he gets to his cock. He's already half-mast, and a few slow, torturous strokes is all it takes for him to become fully erect. Peter sticks his nose in John's pillow and, breathing deep, only gets more turned on as the spicy scent of the sheriff fills his nostrils. It's more perfect than he could have imagined, has pre-come pouring from his cock like a faucet. He can't wait to have John in his own bed so that his scent can soak in there too, combining with Peter's.

Peter snatches up the whiskey bottle and opens it somewhat clumsily in his eagerness to get his hand back around his cock.

"Just you wait..." He fucks up into his own fist. "Soon you'll be mine."

The thought of fucking his new bitch has all of Peter's hard-won stamina flying out the window. His orgasm comes on rapidly—so rapidly that he almost doesn't have time to switch positions. He has to scramble up onto his knees to make it in time, but he manages to point the head of his cock at the open neck of the whiskey bottle just as the first jet of thick alpha seed spurts from his slit. He holds it there for the entirety of his orgasm, never taking his eyes off of it so that he gets as much seed inside the bottle as he can. It's still messy work, two ropes of come splattering over his hand and the sheets instead, but by the time his orgasm is over, enough got inside that it shouldn't matter.

"There you go, Sheriff," Peter pants out. "A gift for you."

He swirls the liquid in the bottle around so the white of his come mixes with the golden-brown of the whiskey. The result is something faintly cloudy, but it's not enough for John to catch on before it's too late.

With the pieces in place, Peter screws the cap back on the whiskey, puts his clothes on again and exits the bedroom. He returns the whiskey to the liquor cabinet and leaves the house with a spring in his step and a jaunty tune in his head.

All that's left is to wait for John's metamorphosis.

* * *

Two long days later, Peter can sense that it's done. After he's got washed and dressed in the morning, he gets in his expensive car and drives straight to his new omega's house, ready to complete their bond by plugging the sheriff up with his knot and pumping him full of come. He arrives at his destination to find the sheriff's cruiser parked in the driveway. He exits his own car, moseys up to the front door and again uses Stiles' keys to get inside.

"Oh, Sheriff!" he calls out melodiously, already hard in his jeans. "Your alpha's here!"

Following his nose, Peter ascends the stairs to the sheriff's bedroom, from which emanate the scents of sex and frustration.

Excellent.

Peter steps inside, expecting to be met by his new bitch all wet and pleading for him. But, instead, he's met with the barrel of a gun.

"Well, well, well," Peter says, tilting his head to the side as he takes in the state of the sheriff. "I knew you'd be sexy beneath that uniform of yours."

Sheriff Stilinski stands in front of him in nothing but a pair of hideous baggy boxers that Peter will be getting rid of at the first opportunity. Despite his age, John's physique is impressive—not as much as Peter's, but as a werewolf with an incredibly fast metabolism, he has an unfair advantage. Even with the gun barrel still pointed at him, Peter drinks in every inch of tanned flesh that's exposed to him, every fine brown hair that dusts the sheriff's broad chest and flat but soft belly. It all serves to make him even more aroused. He's sure his cock will break his zipper if he doesn't get it out in the next few seconds.

"Damn you!" the sheriff grits out. "I ought to kill you right now!"

Peter spreads his arms out. "By all means. Go right ahead."

He knows he's not in any danger. As much as what's left of John's human mind may want him dead, he's incapable of killing him now. The omega has taken over, and for the rest of his life, John will never lift a finger to harm his alpha.

A long minute passes, during which Peter and John have their staring contest, then John drops his arm and the gun hits the hardwood floor.

"I hate you..." he says, bowing his head. "I hate you so damn much."

"No, you don't," Peter rebuts. He kicks the gun aside, closes the distance between them and grips John's jaw to get the sheriff to look at him. "You need me now. Don't you?"

John's lips wobble as he holds back the words, but it's futile. "Yes!" he cries breathlessly. "I'm so fucking uncomfortable."

"Let me take care of you then, sweetheart," Peter croons, brushing his nose along the underside of John's stubbly jaw.

"Oh God—"

“Shh...Alpha’s here. I’ll give your greedy ass what it needs.”

Once he’s had his fill of John’s scent straight from the source and found it marginally sweeter now that he’s an omega, Peter herds him toward the bed. The sheets are the same ones he’d lain on two days ago. There’s even a small white stain near the end of the bed from when some of his come missed the whiskey bottle.

Peter gives John a light shove. “Lie back.”

The omega falls onto the mattress, his legs splayed and his arms thrown above his head. Peter takes off John’s boxers, rips the ugly fabric apart, then climbs on top of him and insinuates himself between John’s legs, which wrap seemingly of their own accord around his hips.

“I can smell how wet you are for me,” Peter says, planting his hands on either side of John’s head.

“I’ve been like this for hours...” John complains, his eyelids fluttering as Peter grinds their cocks together. “It’s been awful.”

Peter makes a noise of feigned sympathy. “I bet.”

“Please...” John implores.

“Please, what?”

“I need— I need it to stop!”

Peter licks a stripe up the side of John’s face, from his jaw to his hairline. “You need me to fill you up with my big alpha cock?”

“Yes!” John inhales sharply and clutches at the sheets above his head. “Please!”

Peter coos at him. “There’s a good bitch, asking me so nicely. Alright, I’ll give you what you want.”

Grasping his cock, Peter shifts backward so he can slip the head behind John’s balls and find his waiting hole. When he’s in place, he thrusts forward slowly but unremittingly, carving out a place for himself inside his omega’s body. John’s hole opens up for him with ease but is still tight around his cock, as if it wants to keep him there forever.

Peter has no problem with that. He sets a fast pace, relishing John’s warmth. It’s exhilarating, everything he thought it would be and more. John will truly make the best bitch ever. He already is, lying there pliant and letting his alpha have his way with him. To reward him for being so good, Peter adjusts the angle of his thrusts until John throws his head back and releases a guttural wail.

“Ah, there it is!” Peter says, self-satisfied. “Found your prostate.”

He maintains the same angle, and it doesn’t take long for John’s muscles to seize up beneath him. The sheriff paints both of them with his omega seed, which won’t knock anyone up

anymore.

With his omega taken care of, Peter chases his own orgasm. The scent of John's release is enough to have his knot engorging about thirty seconds later, and it becomes harder for him to hilt himself all the way inside John's body. To combat this, he increases the power behind his thrusts until, finally, he forces his knot inside his bitch's body one last time and it swells the rest of the way, tying them together and making John his official omega.

Peter collapses atop the bitch and tucks his face into his neck as he recovers.

"You're heavy," John grumbles, trapped beneath him.

"Get used to it. I'm gonna be on top of you every damn day."

A couple minutes later, Peter manoeuvres their bodies so he's spooned up behind John. "Feel better?"

John yawns. "Yes."

"Get some sleep. When you wake up, we'll go see my nephew and convince him to have some fun with us and your son."

John makes a noise of confusion but obeys his alpha's will nevertheless, his body going lax.

Peter stays awake for a while longer, enjoying the feeling of his knot still swollen inside his bitch's hole. God, is he looking forward to later, to further convincing Derek to give in to what he's certain they both yearn for. Derek would never have let Peter touch him like he had in the bar if he wasn't interested in Peter somewhere deep down.

All Peter has to do is tap into those long-suppressed feelings.

Some may call him greedy. He already had an omega in the past, whom he lost to the fire that took out most of his and Derek's family, and now he has another in the form of John Stilinski. That would be enough for most werewolves, but not for Peter. No, he wants more. He's lusted after his nephew ever since Derek hit puberty, and now the other alpha might finally be ready. Maybe they can turn themselves into a little unit of four. Nephew and uncle, father and son.

One step at a time.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Derek sits naked in his living room with a cold wolfsbane-laced beer in hand. His focus is between his legs, where his bitch kneels on the floor warming his flaccid cock. Stiles is beautiful down there, his lips swollen and shiny around him. It's a great way to pass the few hours Derek has before bed. His gaze never leaves Stiles' face. He's fascinated by the pure bliss he reads there. His omega is so fulfilled, it's as if he also couldn't think of a more perfect way to spend his time.

Derek takes another sip of his beer just as a vehicle pulls up outside. He can't see through the window because the curtains are closed. "Who would come this late?"

A few seconds later, the sounds of two car doors opening and slamming shut reach his ears, followed by footsteps up to the front door. Derek expects whoever his unwanted visitor is to knock, but that's not what happens. Instead, they stick a key in the lock and open the door themselves. Oh.

Derek now knows who's here. There's only one other person in the world who has a key to his house—his last living family by blood.

Great...

"What do you want, Peter?" Derek calls out as the door clicks shut. He cranes his head around so he can see into the foyer.

"To show you my new pet."

Peter saunters into the living room. He's dressed in a pair of jeans and a ridiculously tight white henley that clings to his muscles. In his hand he carries a duffel bag containing god only knows what, and behind him trails John Stilinski, wearing nothing at all.

Seeing the sheriff in this light, Derek has to admit he's a catch. It makes sense, given that he sired Stiles, the prettiest bitch in town. "You did it, then."

"Yup. I slipped some of my come into his whiskey, which he's been drinking *a lot* of lately. He missed his son, the poor thing." Peter drops the duffel bag to the floor and strokes a hand down the side of John's face. "Well, look who's right over there, *Sheriff*." He speaks the title with a mocking lilt.

John's eyes widen as they alight on his son, who still warms Derek's cock.

"They're quite the pair, aren't they?" Peter says to his omega. "Can you see what a nice bitch your son makes?"

John is transfixed.

“Did you come over just to tell me you got him off my back, or is there something else?”
Derek questions.

“Actually, there *is* something else,” Peter says salaciously.

“Well? What is it?”

Peter regards his nephew’s toned body with avid appreciation, then comes to a stop on Stiles, who blinks back at him. “Why don’t you let go of your alpha’s frankly *gorgeous* cock and come say hello to your dad? It’s been a while since you last saw each other, after all. It’s only polite.”

Derek scowls. “What’re you doing?”

“You’ll see.” Peter huffs when Stiles doesn’t move. The command wasn’t given by his own alpha. “Tell him to listen to me.”

“Why?”

“Just do it. For your favourite uncle?” Peter blinks, faux-innocent.

Derek doesn’t buy it. “You’re my *only* uncle, and even then I’m not sure I’d call you my favourite.”

“Please, you love me.”

“Debatable.”

Peter holds a hand to his chest melodramatically. “I’m hurt!”

“Yeah, sure you are.”

“C’mon, admit you love me.”

“No.”

“But I love you!” Peter whines obnoxiously.

“Then what’s with you always deliberately annoying the fuck out of me?”

“That’s just how I show my love.”

Derek is already exasperated, but he doesn’t outright deny that he has love for his uncle. It’s true, but it’s easier not to show it.

“Anyway, enough of that,” Peter says, dropping his act. “Just tell him to listen to me and you’ll like it. I promise.”

Derek would prefer that his bitch not stop warming his cock, but for now, he doesn’t see the harm in going along with whatever little game Peter wants to play. He enjoins Stiles to let go

of him and the omega complies immediately, but he's not cheery about it. Derek can relate, already missing the heat of Stiles' mouth.

"You'll obey Peter as if he were me," Derek tells his bitch. "Got it?"

Stiles licks his lips. "Yes, Alpha."

"Then come over here and say hello to your dad," Peter repeats, gesturing to the sheriff, who stands patiently.

Stiles rises to his feet and walks over to Peter and his dad, his cock hard and bobbing with each step. When he reaches the two older men, Derek can sense the happiness in both Stilinskis, even though neither shows it much on the outside. They're omegas, yes, which means their top priority will always be to gratify their alphas, but they still possess all of their memories and emotions.

It's clear that father and son are glad to be in each other's company again, and their bonds with their respective alphas preclude any negative feelings about the circumstances that brought them here. They're with family and their alphas. No one could create a better recipe for a happy omega.

"Well?" Peter prompts. "Aren't you going to greet each other properly?"

John glances at his alpha then back at his son. "Hi, kiddo."

Stiles' hands ball into fists at his sides as he holds himself back from hugging the man. "Hey, Dad."

"That's not a proper greeting," Peter says disappointedly. He taps his index finger against his chin.

Derek queries, "It's not?"

"No."

"Then what is?"

Peter doesn't acknowledge the question directly. He simply steps up next to John and Stiles and puts a hand on the backs of their necks.

"From now on," he begins with mischief in his blue eyes, "whenever you see each other, you'll greet each other with a kiss. And not just any ordinary kiss..."

Oh. Derek should've seen this coming. It's obvious now. He should offer a protest at the mere idea of someone else kissing Stiles, even if it's another omega, but he doesn't. The possessiveness lingers in the back of his mind, but it's not pressing. The taboo of Stiles making out with his dad is too much to argue with, so he permits the proceedings to go on.

John looks at Peter with alarm. "Alpha?"

“You heard me,” Peter says. “Do it. I want to see.”

Powerless to disobey a direct order from his alpha—and Stiles unable to ignore one from Peter now that Derek’s told him to obey them both—John and Stiles lean in in tandem. They’re wary, the wrongness of it all no doubt screaming in their heads, but their lips still meet in their first kiss of many.

It’s nothing to write home about to start with, apart from the fact that it’s a father kissing his son. But after a pointed cough from Peter, John and Stiles part their lips and bring their tongues into play. That’s when it really gets interesting. Their cocks are both erect now, and the pleasurable sensation of rubbing off against one another must take over because they do it with enthusiasm. There’s no hint of hesitation left at all.

Derek’s cock swells. He strokes himself absentmindedly as Stiles and John kiss and grope each other. “Fuck...”

Peter is like the cat who got the cream. “It’s hot, right?”

“Yeah...”

“I told you you’d like it.”

“I guess you were right. For once.”

“You know what else I’m right about?”

Still watching the two omegas, Derek shakes his head.

“I’m right about you and me.” Peter moves around John and Stiles so he’s stood between Derek’s parted knees. “What d’you say, nephew? Wanna take your dear alpha uncle for a test drive?”

This suggestion is what diverts Derek away from the omegas, back to his uncle. How to answer...

On one hand, he’d like to say no just to deny Peter something he obviously wants; Peter’s face falling would be amusing to see.

On the other hand, picturing himself together with another alpha—and not just any alpha, but his *uncle*—causes Derek’s cock to get impossibly harder in his grip, a stream of pre-come dribbling down the shaft to pool against his hand. He hates it, but Peter is right about this too—Derek *is* curious.

If Derek searches deep inside, he can recall instances from the past in which he caught himself staring at his uncle in ways that were distinctly not familial. Peter used to aggravate the shit out of him even back then—*especially* back then—but Derek still used to look.

A memory of a family trip to the beach returns to him. It was about a year before the fire that killed his dad, his dad’s omega, his two sisters, and Peter’s first omega. The Hales encountered another family of werewolves on the sand and engaged in a spirited game of

volleyball. It seemed like a lot of fun, but Derek sat it out because he was too busy being a surly teenager who thought it was lame to actually enjoy spending time around his family. He was pathetic in hindsight, but Derek got something out of it at the time—he got to stare unabashedly at Peter as Peter got all hot and sweaty, diving this way and that to volley the ball back over to the opposing team.

That was all that came of it. Just some staring. Derek had been halfway through jerking off that very night when the guilt of what he was doing caught up to him and made his erection flag. He must have repressed that memory, and all of the others, and they've only begun to come back to him recently, ever since Peter touched him in the bar.

Now, Peter is proposing the very thing Derek wished for back then. Fuck, does Derek want him.

But it'll be on his terms. He'll finally show his uncle his place.

"Fine," Derek assents. He pushes Peter away with his foot.

"I knew you'd see reason."

Peter reaches for the hem of his henley, and Derek wears a bored expression as he peels it off. Peter's body isn't unfamiliar to him, but he hasn't allowed himself to really acknowledge it since that day on the beach. He indulges himself, stroking his cock as he sweeps his eyes over Peter's well-defined abs, his dusky nipples, the fine hairs dusting his sculpted chest. Fuck, even the hair on Peter's arms turns Derek on. It's a pity that someone so handsome is such an asshole, but that's just how it goes sometimes.

Peter pauses with his hands poised to undo his jeans. "Wanna see more?"

"Don't test me. Just do it." Derek's cock throbs.

"Oh, you're in for a treat!"

This is a part of Peter's body Derek has never seen. The suspense builds to nearly unbearable levels as Peter slips the button through the placket and undoes the zipper, at which point Derek discovers that his predilection for going commando must run in the family.

The first thing he notes is that his uncle also isn't one to bother trimming his pubic hair, preferring to go au naturel. He likes it, and watches as Peter moves his hands to the waistband of his jeans and slowly pushes them down his hairy, muscular legs. Then, Peter kicks the jeans aside and waits there with his arms at his sides so his nephew can admire him in his entirety. Cocky bastard.

Peter's cock sticks out long and thick from the nest of brown curls at the base, complete with large, low-hanging balls below. While smaller than Derek's, Peter's cock is by no means something to scoff at. Derek guesses it's eight inches, and it's uncut and just as thick as his own. His mouth waters as the impulse to taste it floods through him, but he doesn't give in to it. No, if any alpha is going to suck cock tonight, it's going to be Peter sucking his.

“Turn around,” he says, his voice a gravelly rasp.

Peter does so, presenting his nephew with his back. Like the rest of him, muscles ripple beneath his skin with each movement, each breath. Derek goes down the dip of Peter’s spine, to the two dimples on either side of the base, to Peter’s ass. Like his chest, it’s hairy, and the globes are generous and round. Derek can see himself sliding his cock inside the hole that’s concealed between them, and it’s this prospect that gets him moving. He doesn’t want to wait any longer. He *can’t* wait. He has to do it before he spontaneously combusts.

“We’re going to my bedroom,” he says, springing up from the sofa.

Peter turns back around and flashes teeth that are too sharp to be entirely human. “Excellent.”

Derek picks up the duffel bag his uncle brought to the house. He’s flabbergasted by its weight. “What the hell do you have in here?”

“Sex toys.”

Derek gapes. “Did you buy out an entire sex shop?!”

“I wanted to be prepared for anything.”

“Did you buy all of them specifically for tonight?”

“No.”

Derek glides past Peter’s prevarication. He doesn’t want to know. He approaches Stiles and John, who still have their lips locked, the wet smacking sounds filling the room.

“That’s enough!” he barks, causing the omegas to jump apart.

Horror appears on Stiles and John’s faces, but Derek has no time for it. They’ll get over it. Their persistent erections are signs that they’re already on their way.

“Get upstairs. Master bedroom.”

Stiles grabs his dad’s hand and drags him from the room. In the few seconds their backs are turned, before they’re gone, Derek notices clear fluid dripping down the backs of their thighs, yet another sign that they both enjoyed kissing each other. Perhaps there was an underlying hint of incestuous want between them before they were turned, similar to Derek and Peter.

Derek breezes past Peter, acting as unaffected by his uncle’s nudity as possible. “C’mom.”

The ascent takes both an age and mere seconds, and then Derek enters his bedroom with Peter at his back. Stiles and John await them, neither sure what to do with themselves without their alphas to tell them.

“Alright, I guess let’s see what’s stashed in here,” Derek says, dumping the duffel bag on the foot of his bed.

“Prepare to be amazed.” Peter winks. “I really did pack for every eventuality and kink.”

Unzipping the bag, Derek opens it and his brain shuts down as he gets his first look at the contents. Dozens and dozens of toys and pieces of fetish gear are inside. Derek doesn’t even know the purpose of some of it, but he’s sure his uncle won’t hesitate to fill him in.

“You like?” Peter asks, standing beside Derek, his alpha musk strong.

“I don’t know what to think right now...”

“You’ll figure it out.”

Derek dares to reach inside the bag and examine a few of the toys he recognises—dildos of varying sizes and colours, some of them human and others with inflatable knots at the bases; butt plugs; anal beads; handcuffs, padded but sturdy; prostate massagers; and finally, a huge bottle of lube.

“Don’t get too overwhelmed, nephew.” Peter claps him on the shoulder. “You’ll have plenty of time to get to know the ins and outs of the rest of this stuff.”

Derek doesn’t argue. He’s tempted by everything inside the duffel, even the things he doesn’t know and the others that could be torture devices. But for tonight, he plays it safe.

What should he use first?

As if reading his mind, Peter pipes up again: “If I can share an idea...”

Derek waves a hand as if to say, “Get on with it.”

“To keep our lovely omegas occupied while we play with each other, we could have them use...” Peter extracts a double-ended dildo from the bag, long and made of black silicone. “This.”

Derek shrugs. “Sure.”

Peter gets Stiles and John to climb onto the bed near the pillows, on their hands and knees, their rear ends pointed at each other. When they’re in position, Peter and Derek kneel beside them. Derek takes the dildo from his uncle, squirts some lube out onto his palm and slicks up the toy. It takes a minute because it’s so long, then he lets Peter take hold of one end. Stiles and John watch the whole time, more slick dripping from their bodies at the prospect of being filled.

Together, Derek and Peter aim the ends of the dildo at their bitches’ needy holes, and on a silent signal, they put their free hands on their respective omega’s shoulders and urge them back onto the toy until it’s been swallowed up entirely, John’s ass resting against Stiles’.

Derek bites his bottom lip. “So fucking dirty.” He ruffles Stiles’ hair like he’s petting an obedient dog.

“Right?” Peter agrees.

“While I’m busy with Peter,” Derek says to both omegas, “I want you to fuck yourselves on that dildo. Don’t stop, not even if you come. Let’s see how many orgasms you can have before I’m done.”

With the omegas taken care of for now, Derek beholds Peter and feels the renewed urge to wipe the seemingly ever-present smirk from his face.

“So, how would my dear nephew like to kick things off?” Peter simpers.

“I already know.”

“Do tell.”

In a flash, Derek has a clawed hand around his uncle’s neck, exerting just enough pressure for Peter to feel the danger. Derek has no intention of actually strangling him, but he gets a thrill out of the way Peter’s face clears of all braggadocio and guile. A rarity. Instead, Peter’s mouth hangs open and his pupils dilate, too turned on to maintain his usual front.

“Since you loved touching my cock so much back in the bar, I’m gonna stick it all the way back in your throat until you choke on it,” Derek says, his irises glowing a constant red. Peter attempts to speak, but Derek tightens his hand and all that comes out is a gurgling sound. “Sorry, I didn’t get that.”

Before Peter can regain control and extricate himself from his hold, Derek shoves him backward so he topples over the edge of the bed and hits the floor with a loud thump. He checks that Stiles and John are still fucking themselves on the double-ended dildo—they are, their ass cheeks slapping together because they’re each so lost in their own pleasure—then climbs gracefully off the bed just in time for Peter to rise up on his knees.

It’s just the position Derek was after. He fists the hair on top of Peter’s head. “Open wide.”

Peter shows defiance, but his obsession with Derek’s cock is enough to overpower it. He acquiesces, his lips parting, and Derek wastes no more time.

He thrusts forward right away, almost hilding his entire length. Only a couple inches are left, and Peter gags as the head suddenly hits the back of his throat. Derek fucks his mouth hard, not giving his uncle a chance to recover. His balls swing between his thighs, smacking against the underside of Peter’s chin with each thrust into Peter’s welcoming mouth. It’s just like fucking Stiles’ face.

Actually, Derek muses as he looks down at his uncle, it might be even better.

Peter glares up at him with his irises also coloured a bright red. Such obvious proof that it’s another alpha he’s using sends tingles down Derek’s spine. He doesn’t let up for a long time, splitting his attention between Peter and the two omegas on his bed. He gets a real thrill when he hears the squeal that means Stiles has orgasmed, a sound he’s very much familiar with by now. It’s closely followed by a deep moan from John as he plunges over the edge of the cliff after his son.

“You hear that?” Derek pants down to his uncle. “That’s orgasm number one for both of them.”

Peter obviously can’t say anything back. Derek likes him better this way.

After a while, things get messy. Peter’s face becomes red and splotchy, his eyes glisten with unshed tears, and a mixture of spit and pre-come runs down his chin and drips onto his chest. He’s only able to suck in short doses of oxygen before Derek plunges his cock back inside his throat and cuts off his air supply. He gets just enough to preclude passing out, but it can’t be comfortable at all. Even so, Peter does nothing more than place his hands on Derek’s legs to hold on. He doesn’t fight.

Derek tires of just using Peter’s face. He wants to use his ass too, so he fucks Peter’s mouth for a few more seconds then pushes him away.

He wipes the sweat from his brow. “Back on the bed.”

“You’re feeling aggressive tonight, nephew,” Peter says approvingly, returning to the king-size mattress.

“That’s what you get for taunting me so much.”

“I’ll have to do it more often.”

If Peter can still banter like this, Derek isn’t doing his job correctly.

He locates the padded cuffs he saw in the duffel bag, snaps them up, and a weird sensation spreads out from his palms. He hadn’t been cognisant of it last time he handled them. “What’s up with these?”

“They’re spelled,” Peter explains gleefully. “With them on, a werewolf’s strength is sapped so they’re no stronger than a newborn puppy.”

Derek shares a meaningful glance with Peter before unceremoniously flipping him onto his front. Peter goes willingly, even as Derek twists his arms behind his back and fastens the cuffs around his wrists, restraining him. If what Peter said is true, then there’s no way he’ll be able to break free of the cuffs without Derek or one of the omegas to help him, and Derek isn’t about to let that happen. Not until he’s fucked Peter into a state of compliance. How long that state will last is another matter, but that just means he’ll have to do it over and over again.

With his uncle now essentially helpless, Derek leaves him there for the time being and checks in with his bitch and John. There are already sizeable stains on the sheets beneath them, created by their useless omega seed. Derek will definitely have to stick his bedding in the washing machine when this is all over. But then, he knew that coming into this.

Derek moves over to the omegas and tells them to stop fucking themselves on the dildo earlier than originally planned. They cease their avid movements immediately, their asses touching so the dildo stays inside them both at once. It’s such a hot concept that Derek lingers

on it, then instructs them to separate. The double-ended dildo flops out of their holes onto the bedding, and Derek throws it to the floor without giving a damn where it lands; he'll find and get Stiles to wash it in the morning.

"Alright, I've got new plans for you," Derek informs the omegas. He cups their faces. "Wanna know what they are?"

"Yes, Alpha," Stiles says, leaning into Derek's palm.

"Good. You stay right where you are for now." Derek speaks solely to John. "You see your alpha?"

John glances at Peter then back at Derek. He nods.

"I want you to get beneath him, on your back, and put his cock in your hole," Derek says. His words are met with sounds of delight from all three of the others, though Peter's is muffled. "He's gonna fuck you while I fuck him."

John takes some manoeuvring, but John insinuates himself beneath his restrained alpha and gets Peter's cock in his ass. This means that Peter's ass is raised, as if Derek had put a pillow beneath his hips, and his head comes to rest on John's chest. John curls his legs around his alpha's waist, pulling him in deeper, but Derek knocks them away.

"No. You need to leave room for me to fuck him," he chides.

John puts his feet on the mattress instead. "Sorry, Alpha."

"That's better."

Stiles wriggles in place. "What do I do?"

"You're gonna sit on your dad's face and he's gonna eat you out. Got it?"

Again, a hint of revulsion shows in Stiles' countenance, but it fades quicker than after he stopped kissing his dad downstairs. He's only a few more pushes away from hopping aboard the incest train for good.

After Stiles has relocated where he was told, all's quiet for a few seconds, then slurping sounds reach Derek's ears. John has begun to rim his son, his tongue gliding over Stiles' hole to collect his slick. He has to swallow often, but he resumes his messy rimming each time without further instruction. From the ecstasy on Stiles' face, his dad does a good job of it.

"Alright..." Derek situates himself behind Peter.

The other alpha's elevated state means that his legs are already parted, providing just enough space for Derek to fit between them. The others make quite the trio—Peter, restrained and powerless, and Stiles riding his dad's tongue, his little omega cock and balls hanging in the air just above Peter's head. This last aspect gives Derek another idea, but it'll have to wait until later. For now, he runs a finger from the back of Peter's neck, down along his spine, over his bound hands, and toward the ass that fascinated him downstairs. Derek would love

to play with it, to see how different it is to fuck another alpha who doesn't self-lubricate or open up easily for a nice big cock.

There's only one way to find out.

Fitting his hands over Peter's ass cheeks, Derek relishes their firmness. There's a tiny bit of give, but most of it's pure muscle. The fine hairs tickle his palms, and when he spreads the cheeks apart, Derek discovers that more hair surrounds Peter's little pucker. God, it looks so tight and...tasty?

Derek is no stranger to giving a good rimjob, so he dives in with alacrity. It's weird at first, is different than what he's used to. There's no sweet taste, no viscous slick to drink down, just dry, tangy skin. It's not bad, so Derek keeps going, swirling his tongue around his uncle's rim and prodding lightly at it with the tip in an effort to get it to loosen.

"Nephew..." Peter rasps, undulating his hips. He pushes back onto Derek's tongue, then forward into the welcoming warmth of John's body.

"Shut up." Derek gives Peter's ass a hard spank, holding back none of his strength. Peter yowls but goes quiet afterward, and Derek gets a nice glimpse of his red handprint before Peter's advanced healing rate kicks in and the mark disappears.

Derek gets really into eating out his uncle, lapping up the faint taste of salt from the sweat that's accumulated there throughout the day. But, soon, he decides he's denied himself long enough. His cock aches something fierce, the head demanding and coloured purple. It weeps pre-come and the base throbs, his knot insisting that he move things along before it's too late and it forms in the open air, with no hole to tie with. That would be a crying shame and a waste of come, so Derek searches for the lube in Peter's duffel bag and squirts some right onto Peter's hole.

Peter jolts at the sudden coolness. "You could'a warned a guy."

"Where would be the fun in that?"

Not allowing Peter a chance to say something else, Derek slides his index finger into Peter's hole, right up to the last knuckle. It goes in with no bother—not as it would with an omega's hole, but the glide is smoother than Derek thought it would be.

It's then that he remembers Peter mentioning that he's messed around with other alphas in the past, meaning he's probably had a lot of things in him before. Hell, Derek had assumed that the toys Peter brought with him to the house were solely for use on an omega, but now that he thinks about it again, some of them have probably been in Peter's ass too. The thought of his uncle fucking himself on a dildo is incredibly arousing. He'll have to get Peter to put on a show for him sometime.

Satisfied with the hastily made plans for next time, Derek thrusts his finger in and out before inserting a second and scissoring them apart. It's more work than he has to do with Stiles, but it's worth it when he fits a third finger inside then takes them all out, and Peter's little asshole is left all stretched out and slick, waiting to be filled up. The hair around it is matted with

lube into a messy whorl. Derek never thought he'd like a hairy ass, but he could get used to this.

Without warning him, Derek slicks himself up and pushes his cock inside his uncle's hole inch by unerring inch. Peter tenses up beneath him, but he wills his body to relax as Derek keeps going. It's a tight squeeze, and when he's nearly all the way in, Derek wonders if he should have used a fourth finger. But when he's fully sheathed in Peter's body, he concludes that, no, he was right to use three.

The increased tightness feels... God, there aren't even words.

"I knew it," Peter gasps, shifting in place atop John.

Derek smacks his ass again. "What?"

"You *are* bigger than your dad. Damn, you're in me so fucking *deep*."

Derek puffs out his chest, taking the comment as a compliment on his prowess as an alpha. "I'm not gonna hold back."

Peter groans into John's chest. "Do it."

Boy, does Derek ever.

He sets a fast pace, pulling out so only the head of his cock remains in Peter's hole before thrusting forward again, filling his uncle back up. With every thrust, he pushes Peter's cock further into John's hole too, in a conga line of debauchery. It's nothing short of amazing. Derek grips Peter's hips as he enjoys himself, chasing nirvana without a care for anyone else in the room. He doesn't need to concern himself with them anyway. Peter releases deep rumble moans that match John's, and Stiles still seems like he's content to sit on his dad's face.

As he perspires, Derek transfers a hand to Peter's wrists and pulls him back onto his cock with each thrust. The result is lewd slapping sounds filling the room, Peter's ass cheeks rippling every time Derek's pelvis smacks into them.

With all this stimuli, it doesn't take long for Derek to feel his knot swelling. He has to work harder to fuck all the way inside his uncle's body.

"Fuck!" Peter exclaims.

"You feel that?"

"Yes!"

"Gonna knot your arrogant ass... Make it *mine*!"

Derek can't say where the possessive declaration comes from, but he doesn't retract it. It feels right. Peter is his—his blood, and now his second bitch. An alpha bitch. Damn, what a sexy contradiction.

“Please...” Peter entreats.

“Yeah, you want that? You gonna be a good bitch for me?!”

This question has Peter shuddering atop John, his hands becoming fists and his hole getting impossibly tighter around Derek’s cock. Peter must be knotting John too, and it’s this realisation that leads to Derek’s knot swelling the rest of the way and his orgasm crashing into him. He collapses atop Peter as he fills him with his thick alpha seed. The combined weight of two alphas must be crushing John, but Derek doesn’t move. John’s a big guy; he can take it.

When his orgasm isn’t so all-consuming, his cock still filling Peter with come but more feebly now, Derek picks himself up and winds his fingers in the hair on the back of Peter’s head to carry out one of the ideas he came up with earlier.

He yanks hard, angling Peter’s face upward. “Stiles?” he calls.

“Y-yes, Alpha?”

“Jerk yourself off. I want you to come all over Peter’s face. John, help him out.”

A minute later, with the aid of his dad’s tongue in his ass, thin seed spurts from the tip of Stiles’ cock, his hand a blur as he masturbates. The seed splatters across Peter’s cheeks, nose and forehead, then drips down to his lips and chin.

Once it’s over, Derek has Stiles climb off of his dad’s face and releases Peter’s hair. “Kiss,” he directs. “Give the sheriff a taste of his son’s load.”

The sight of John and Peter making out, of John even going so far as to lick Stiles’ release from his alpha’s face, has Derek pumping a few more ropes of come inside his uncle’s ass. He growls and grinds against Peter’s cheeks until it passes, then settles in to wait for his and Peter’s knots to go back down. It takes about fifteen minutes, during which time Derek lies back on top of his uncle and breathes in the combined scents of everyone’s sweat and come.

It’s a good smell.

With some reluctance, when his knot has shrunk enough, Derek slips from Peter’s body and falls back on his ass, his arms braced behind him.

“Stiles, I’ve got another job for you,” he says, rousing the omega from where he’d been lying tiredly up near the pillows.

Stiles lifts his head. “Alpha?”

“Come over here.”

Stiles’ movements are uncoordinated because of the many orgasms he’s had tonight, but he makes it to Derek’s side.

“See that?” Derek points to Peter’s asshole, from which his spend drips white and thick.

Stiles licks his lips. “Yes, Alpha.”

“Clean him up.”

The omega doesn't need to be told twice. Derek didn't think he would be, not when he's being rewarded with a taste of his alpha's delicious come. Derek watches with an emotion akin to fondness as Stiles eats Peter out for all he's worth and laps up his spend, drinking it down like it's ambrosia. Peter moans sleepily with his face turned into John's neck the entire time, goosebumps appearing on his arms, still bound behind his back. His knot must have gone down by now too, but he doesn't seem to have any inclination to withdraw from his bitch's hole just yet. Derek can't blame him.

Stiles gives Peter's rim few final kittenish licks, then sits back, his task completed. Peter's hole is left gaping, his pink insides revealed, but it's no longer sloppy with come.

“Good bitch,” Derek says to Stiles, patting his head.

“Thank you, Alpha.”

It takes a while longer for Peter to rouse, at which point Derek finally removes the cuffs. Peter rolls off of John and stretches his arms in the air above him, working out the soreness in his muscles.

Derek has only slight pity for him. “You okay?”

Peter responds with his signature smirk, but it's not as infuriating as it usually is. “I'm awesome... You definitely know how to use that cock of yours.”

“Of course I do.”

“I never doubted you.”

“Good.”

“Now I could use a good night's sleep. You don't mind if we crash here, right?” Without waiting for permission, Peter turns onto his side and throws an arm over John's stomach, snuggling into him.

Derek sighs. “I guess not.”

He glances in the direction of the en suite bathroom, weighing up whether he has enough energy or willpower to take a shower before he rests too. No. He shrugs and figures they'll all shower in the morning. The stall is big enough for the four of them and has several shower heads.

With Peter and John taking up half the bed, Derek tries to determine the best way to settle down himself.

“Stiles, lie next to your dad,” he says. He waits until the bitch is in place, his position a mirror of Peter's, before spooning up behind him. The sheets are trapped beneath their

bodies, but the heat of four people is enough to keep the room warm and toasty.

“Alpha?” comes Stiles’ quiet voice, just as Derek is getting close to drifting off.

“Yeah?”

Stiles doesn’t speak again for a while, long enough that Derek assumes he accidentally fell asleep before he could ask whatever he wanted to ask. But then he does:

“Can they stay forever?” The question is hopeful.

“We’ll talk about it more in the morning, okay?”

“Okay. Love you...”

With that sorted, Derek better moulds his front to Stiles’ back and is swiftly down for the count, feeling like they’re all right where they’re meant to be.

Chapter End Notes

Let me tell you, the speed at which this conclusion flowed from my fingertips was quite honestly alarming. I actually wrote over 4,000 words of this over the course of a single day, which is a rate I hadn't managed to achieve for several months prior. I'm impressed with myself, I have to say. I suppose that's just what happens when what you're writing about captures your interest so much. It didn't let go until I was finished. I hope you guys all enjoyed this final part, and that the wait was worth it. Most of you were definitely on board with the foursome, so let me know if it lived up to your expectations.

P.S. Don't forget to subscribe to me to be notified when my future fics go live, which will all be Sterek. And please check out my past fics if you haven't already and are interested.

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